

DAILY EVENING BULLETIN.

"HEW TO THE LINE, LET THE CHIPS FALL WHERE THEY MAY."

PER WEEK SIX CENTS.
SINGLE NUMBER ONE CENT.

MAYSVILLE, FRIDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 25, 1881.

Vol. 1. No. 4.

BLUEGRASS ROUTE.

Kentucky Central R. R.

THE MOST DESIRABLE ROUTE TO

CINCINNATI.

ONLY LINE RUNNING

FREE PARLOR CARS.

BETWEEN

LEXINGTON AND CINCINNATI

Time table in effect March 31, 1881.

Leave Lexington.....	7:30 a. m.	2:15 p. m.
Leave Maysville.....	5:45 a. m.	12:30 p. m.
Leave Paris.....	8:20 a. m.	3:05 p. m.
Leave Cincinnati.....	8:55 a. m.	3:40 p. m.
Leave Falmouth.....	10:00 a. m.	4:45 p. m.
Arr. Cincinnati.....	11:45 a. m.	6:30 p. m.
Leave Lexington.....	4:35 p. m.	
Arrive Maysville.....	8:15 p. m.	
Free Parlor Car leave Lexington at.....	2:15 p. m.	
Free Parlor Car leave Cincinnati at.....	2:00 p. m.	

Close connection made in Cincinnati for all points North, East and West. Special rates to emigrants. Ask the agent at the above named places for a time folder of "Blue Grass Route." Round trip tickets from Maysville and Lexington to Cincinnati sold at reduced rates.

For rates on household goods and Western tickets address
CHAS. H. HASLETT,
Gen'l Emigration Agt., Covington, Ky.
JAMES C. KRIST,
Gen'l Pass. and Ticket Agt.

TIME-TABLE

Covington, Flemingsburg and Pound Gap RAILROAD.

Connecting with Trains on K. C. R. R.

Leave FLEMINGSBURG for Johnson Station:	
5:45 a. m. Cincinnati Express.	
9:13 a. m. Maysville Accommodation.	
3:25 p. m. Lexington.	
7:02 p. m. Maysville Express.	
Leave JOHNSON STATION for Flemingsburg on the arrival of Trains on the K. C. R. R.:	
6:23 a. m.	4:00 p. m.
9:48 a. m.	7:37 p. m.

Regular Cincinnati, Maysville & Portsmouth Packet.

BONANZA..... E. B. MOORE, Commander.
D. W. YOUNG, and C. WALKER..... Clerks.
Leaves Cincinnati every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 12 o'clock, m.

Leaves Portsmouth every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 11 o'clock, a. m. Stopping at Maysville either way between the hours of 6 and 7 p. m. Freight received at all hours on the wharf boat. ROBERT FICKLIN, Agent.

Maysville, all Mail and Way Landings. CITY OF PORTSMOUTH.

E. S. MORGAN, Master. FRANK BRYSON, Clerk.
Leaves Cincinnati Monday, Wednesday and Friday.
Leaves Maysville Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Leaves wharf foot of Broadway. For freight or passage apply on board, or to ROBERT FICKLIN, Agent.

Vanceburg, Maysville and Cincinnati Tri-Weekly Packet.

W. P. THOMPSON..... H. L. REDDEN, Capt.
Moss Taylor, Purser.
H. REDDEN and A. O. MORSE, Clerks.
Leaves Vanceburg Sundays, Tuesdays and Thursdays.
Leaves Cincinnati Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. For freight or passage apply on board.

Vanceburg, Rome, Concord, Manchester and Maysville Daily Packet.

HANDY..... BRUCE REDDEN, Capt.
E. L. BRUCE, Clerk.
Leaves Vanceburg daily at 5 o'clock, a. m. for Maysville.
Leaves Maysville at 2 p. m. Goes to Ripley Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. Connects at Manchester with stage for West Union. For freight or passage apply board.

CASH STORE!

NESBITT & McKRELL,

No. 20 SUTTON STREET, Maysville, Ky.

SPLENDID new stock of Staple and Fancy Dry Goods bought at bottom prices for cash. Lowest prices in our business motto. July 3-17. NESBITT & McKRELL.

RECOMMENDED TO MERCY.

BY IMOGENE H. SYKES.

"I say, Paul, what do you think? You know Deep Dell—"

"Why, Frank, of course I do," interrupted a bright voice, as the impatient news carrier, in the form of a restless lad of fourteen, clattered noisily into the quiet, sunny kitchen, and checked the important work of cake-making with his abrupt inquiry.

"Well, you can't go there any more. The owner's come back, and stuck up bills all over everything, that trespassing won't be allowed. It's a shame, I think."

And Frank sat astride of a kitchen chair, and looked dolefully at his sister as she put down the cake-pan, and regarded him in turn.

"The owner of Deep Dell come back?" she repeated, musingly.

"Yes, and locked up all the gates, and stuck up notices that he will punish trespassing on the property. And, Paul, the strawberries are just ripe," added Frank suggestively, looking at thoughtful face of the girl, as she still considered the startling news of the 'Squire's return, after so many years of absence.

The word strawberries aroused her. "It's a shame!" she flashed out then, stamping a strongly-clad foot on the brick hearth, as she popped her cake pan into the oven. "And I shall not mind his notices. Notices, indeed!" she scoffed with a high head. "I've picked strawberries from Deep Dell Farm ever since I was a little child, and he was running wild over the country; and I mean to pick them again to-day."

"But he'll punish trespassers," urged Frank, with secret delight, thinking of the cake and strawberries for supper.

Pauline furred her apron like a flag and nodded her head.

"Let him!"

"What would you do?" wickedly urged the spirit of mischief, rocking his chair.

"Let him!" laconically retorted Paul, as she made things titty about the kitchen, and reached up for a basket beside the dresser.

"But, look here, Paul you're the minister's sister you know, and ought to set an example of—of—"

The boy floundered in a moral slough, as the steady eyes of his sister settled on his face.

"If you honesty, Frank Kirk, she said calmly, tying her sunbonnet strings under her chin, "you shall not have one berry, no, nor cake either." Minister's sister or not, I consider I have the right to those berries, when I gathered them years and years before he ever knew anything about them.

And she walked resolutely to the door.

"Well, if he runs across your bow," advised Frank from the gate, watching her resolute face with satisfaction, "just put up your boarding-nets and give him a broadside."

Paul trudged away in silence, pondering upon subjects—the 'Squire's return from his roving life, and the indignity he had put upon the village by his notices and barred gates.

"I will look out for my rights," she concluded, illogically, as she climbed the

fence into the strawberry patch, "and the people can take care of theirs."

No thought of the 'Squire entered her little mutinous head, as she filled her basket with luscious fruit.

"David always brings home company on Friday evening," she soliloquized, as she picked on industriously, "and whoever it is will enjoy these berries, I know."

She filled her basket evenly to the brim, and arose with flushed cheeks, disheveled hair, sun-bonnet hanging down by the strings tied under chin, to find her face to face with a stranger—a man, who stood regarding her quietly.

Paul stood motionless. He must be a tramp in that old brown coat, slouch hat and dusty top boots.

"If you please," he said, very politely for a tramp, "is this trespassing?"

Paul thought of the notices and the punishment attending the act, and was sorry for the man.

"It is," she said calmly; "and you had better leave at once, for there is no knowing what the owner might do, if he caught you."

And she lifted her basket majestically.

"Is he so very hard, then?" asked the tramp, with humble deference to her manner.

"I fancy he is a—tyrant," replied Paul; superbly, "and means to institute reform in all its severest and most disagreeable phases at Deep Dell. So, my good man, you'd better take yourself off."

With this advice, the minister's sister went her way over the fence, down into the lane, and home to Frank, waiting at the gate, and bracing a mainyard, according to his idea of the thing.

"Well!" he cried out eagerly, "did the enemy show himself?"

Paul lifted the lid of her basket.

"I saw no one but a tramp—a very gentlemanly tramp, I must say; and I advised the poor fellow to keep out of harm."

Frank whistled a bar of "A Life on the Ocean Wave."

"Here comes David with a gentleman," he said with sudden gravity. "I wonder who his Friday night companion is this time? Say, Paul, if it should be the 'Squire?"

But the girl had fled within, to attend to her tea-table, and see if the little maid-of-all-work had watched the cake carefully.

Everything was right, and a daintier or better-served table was never presented to hungry mortals than that to which the minister invited his guest within an incredibly short time after Paul had disappeared from the gate.

Frank was right—it was the 'Squire.

The young girl bowed calmly to the grave, courteous man her brother presented, her eyes resting the while upon the dish of ripe, red berries, with an indignant thought of his barred gates and notices.

A puzzled look came into her face as the stranger talked on, and she glanced furtively at him, only to meet his grave eyes full upon her, and to feel the floor rock beneath her feet.

"So they protest against my claiming my own," he was saying, in answer to the minister's report on the discontent of the village. "They will become obedient

enough when they find out I am not a tyrant."

Paul could bear no more. She dared not look up as the minister helped his guest to the strawberries, but with a hurried excuse for cream (which was in the little silver jug beside the berries all the while), she left the room with eager steps.

She was gone so long that Frank came to hunt her up, and found her, disconsolate and miserable, on the back step.

"Oh, Frank!" she cried. "He was the tramp!"

"The gentlemanly tramp!" and the boy sat down beside her, aghast.

"What shall I do?"

She was so wretched and pale that Frank arose to the situation at once.

"I wouldn't mind, Paulie!" he said, coaxingly.

"Oh, but I must mind! He is going to raise David's salary, which means so much to you, and to repair the church. And, after all, he is right. I didn't see it until I heard him tell David his plans and ideas, and—and what does he think of me?"

Here a miserable little sob choked the pretty voice, and Frank grew desperate.

"Just come in and have it out with him," he urged. "Make a clean breast of it, and he'll have to be polite then."

But Paul lacked courage to confess her fault, and neither then nor long months after, when the 'Squire was a frequent visitor at the cottage, and a kind friend to the whole village, could she gain strength to speak, and ask for some little of the kindness he gave others and denied her.

The strawberries were ripe again at Deep Dell, and Paul was walking sadly down the lane past the corner fence she used to climb so deftly, thinking not of the berries, not of Frank away at college, nor of the new cottages down in the village, but of her own unpardoned fault, which lay like a heavy cloud upon her, when a shadow fell upon her path, and looking up she saw the 'Squire quietly regarding her. She paused humbly.

"Have you nothing to say to me, Paul?" he asked, in a strange tone. "After one long year, have you no word for me?"

With a break in her voice that seemed a part of the tears that would come, Paul forgot her defiance, and thought only of the heavy heart she had carried so long, and made her confession then and there.

"The accused pleads guilty, and is recommended to mercy," said the 'Squire, with a bright laugh; "but, Paul, I did not mean that." She looked up eagerly as he took both hands. "And if I give you a free pardon for trespassing on my property, and stealing my fruit, what shall I ask in return for the peace of mind you have robbed me of in this last year?"

Paul thought of Frank's advice, "to have it out with him," and so said, softly but bravely:

"The heartache you have given me by your coldness."

She looked at him fearlessly now, smiling and flushing, as he crushed her hands. "Will you hear your sentence?" he cried.

"Yes," she softly laughed.

"Then you are henceforth and forever to be mistress, not only of Deep Dell, but owner and manager of the heart and devotion of—"

"The gentlemanly tramp!" said Paul, saucy with happiness.